

My Visit to Klian Intan.

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The tin mines of Intan and Endak were opened originally by a Perak Malay, "Pawang Sêring," son of the Chief of the Northern District, "Toh Halang." The durian trees at Dusun Kalik were planted by him. After his death, the mines were a constant source of discord between his cousin, Toh Lambok (who had then become Sri Adika Raja), and the Patani Chiefs, and a petty border warfare was the result. Sometimes one party got possession of the mines, and sometimes the other. The same sort of thing went on in the time of Toh Trosou, the next Sri Adika Raja. Then came the war with Kedah (1817-8) and the mines passed into Patani hands. Since then the Patani Malays have practically owned the country down to Bukit Naksu, and Berhala Bujok at the head of Jeram Panjang (long rapids). The Perak Chiefs and ryots have had to acquiesce tacitly in this arrangement, but they have always, when possible, asserted their right to the ancient boundary, though they have not always been able to enforce it. Many years have passed since the Intan and Endak mines paid a royalty to Perak, and since their produce was taken on elephants to Lubok Goloh and sent down to the Perak river. But the claims of Perak are not forgotten by the men of the Ulu, and this boundary question was one of the first points on which the assistance of the first British Resident was asked.

The first allusion to these mines, which I have found in any European author, occurs in Anderson's "Considerations" (p. 168), where he mentions a letter written by the Raja of Perak to the Raja of Kedah, in 1814, containing the following passage: "The Patani people have attacked our country and taken possession of our tin mines." After this occurrence,

considerable exertions seem to have been made by the Government of Penang to facilitate intercourse with Patani, and to encourage the export of tin with the view to benefiting the trade of their settlement. Among the objects of Mr. Crawford's mission to Siam in 1822 was an effort "to open free intercourse with the tin mines of Patani, whence large supplies were offered to Colonel Bannerman (Governor of Penang), and where there is no doubt almost any quantity may be derived through the Murbow, Muda and Prye rivers." (Anderson's "Considerations," p. 97).

The monthly produce of the mines seems to have been, prior to 1824, about 50 bharas (a bhara = 400 lbs.) from Kroh and 200 from Intan.

At the period of my visit the mines at Intan numbered about 40 persons, all being under the control of Panglima Chawang, who tells me that if the terms were easier he would have no difficulty in getting 1,000 men to work there.

There can be little doubt that, under proper management, and a Government which would give some security for life and property, these mines might be rendered very productive and remunerative. Whether the Patani Malays will ever see the wisdom of encouraging Chinese miners by the offer of better terms, it is impossible to say: the Perak claim, which has been dormant since the war between that State and Kedah in 1818, may perhaps some day receive consideration, and its recognition would probably be the best security for the future prosperity of the Intan tin industry.

The passages printed in italics are taken from the "Journal of the Straits Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society," June 1882: they were written by the late Sir William E. Maxwell, K.C.M.G., after he made his journey on foot to the Patani frontier in 1876.

It is of especial interest now that, by the Treaty of March, 1909, between England and Siam, a British Protectorate has been established over Kedah, Kelantan, Trengganu and that portion of Patani called Reman (or Rahman) which has been so long in dispute.

Ever since the British Protectorate was set up in Perak in 1874, the claims of Perak to this territory have been periodically urged by various Administrators in the Straits Settlements and Perak, notably Sir Frederick Weld, Sir Hugh Low and Sir Frank Swettenham.

It is a great triumph that in the Consulship of Sir John Anderson, and during the reign of the enlightened Sultan of Perak, Sir Idris Mersid el Aázam Shah, G.C.M.G., it has been found possible to conclude the negotiations which have added to Perak a tract of country not less than one thousand square miles in extent, and a population of at least three thousand persons. The whole length of the beautiful Perak river, 260 miles from its source to its mouth, has now come into Perak territory.

From the Sultan downwards amongst Perak Malays there is great satisfaction at the restoration of a country which they have always claimed and for which they have patiently waited.

I have had occasion recently to visit the north-west corner of this territory on two occasions, travelling as far as Betong in Patani.

My first visit was to see how far it is possible to prevent the silt from the tin mines at Klian Intan and elsewhere from finding its way into and polluting the Perak river, and my second visit was to take over, by order of Sir John Anderson, the country restored to Perak under the Treaty between Great Britain and Siam.

On my first visit I was accompanied by R. O. N. Anderson and Hubert Berkeley. I started from Grit on Sunday, the 6th June, 1909. We walked $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles to Pahat, and then went on to Krunei on elephants. Krunei was once thickly peopled. There are fine open plains, and here was the fort of To Nong Patani, a remarkable lady, who was a friend of, and very hospitable to, Sir Hugh Low. On my second visit I appointed Ali bin Mehar, the Kemenan, to be our Penghulu, and under him are the villages of Pong (two), Pahit, Plang, Jong, Alei and Krunei. At Krunei, just as some of our party were crossing the Rui river, one Majid, a Patani Malay, ran

amuck (*mengamok*) and killed a follower of Berkeley's, named Lebei Awang, cutting at, and slightly wounding, two others. He then ran on to Jong and gave himself up at a wedding party, and was promptly secured and bound. Berkeley has since learned that he started out with the intention of killing him and me.

He had made up his mind to cut us down if he found us on foot alone, and if not to shoot us while the elephants were being unloaded in camp, when, of course, a rifle or two would be lying about. But at Krunei there was a short halt, and the voice of Haji Ibrahim, calling out, "What are we waiting for?" roused his maddened spirit to action.

We camped at a village called Jong, picturesquely situated, with the river on one side and rice fields behind, to bury Lebei Awang, and the next day sent the murderer back to Grit. He died that night immediately after his arrival. It was an awful night with ceaseless rain: the wedding chorus went on through the night intermittently, and, when it stopped, the murderer's shouts filled up the intervals.

The Rui flows through Jong and is quite as dirty and full of silt as the Kinta river at Ipoh.

We broke camp at 8 a.m. on the 7th June and rode on elephants till 5.30 p.m. with only a short halt for lunch: the going was bad, being through rocky broken country with some plains. On one of these we crossed the line of the hundred graves of the Perak Shahids (men killed in battle), who attacked Patani and were cut down by Mengkong Delaha in 1846.

Their graves are an interesting relic of the days when the Northern Perak Chief (the Dato' Sri Adika Raja) in an attempt to recover what he considered to belong to Perak—viz., the mines at Klian Intan—came into conflict with the Raman power.

We camped at Kuala Endak. The Endak brings down the silt from the Raman mines. It flows northwards and empties itself into the Sungei Kwa. The Kwa flows southwards and is clean as far as Kuala Endak. After that it is fouled, and in turn flows into and fouls the Rui.

Early on the morning of the 8th June we walked up the bed of the Endak for two miles to Rantau Panjang. The river is very badly fouled, and brings down stuff that ought never to be allowed to escape into any river. In places the Endak is very narrow with precipitous rocky sides, while elsewhere it widens out. It is a very easy river to dam, and three or four dry stone dams will, Anderson thinks, keep back the heavy silt, which would then fill up the wider portions of the river. But additionally heavy silt should be retained up above at each mine.

Above Rantau Panjang there are Chinese miners at Kota Bunyi.

We left Kuala Endak at 11 a.m. on the 8th June and rode on elephants to Lapang Nenering—the scene, in 1845, of a battle between the men of Perak and Patani.

There we stopped in some beautiful wide plains for lunch, and found 48 Patani men, with 100 buffaloes, bound for Ipoh. We journeyed on, crossing the watershed, and at 4 p.m. camped at Berchang. On the 9th June we broke camp at 8 a.m. and reached Betong at 11.45 a.m. This is the headquarters of the Siamese District Officer or Amphur—Wan Husein. He was hospitality itself to us. He gave us a roomy house all to ourselves, and we lunched and dined with him.

At his pressing invitation we spent the next day, the 10th June, at Betong and went out for a deer drive without success. Wan Husein's wife brought out lunch and an excellent curry, which we ate out of doors on the banks of the Kasinei river.

On the 11th June we left Betong for the mines at Klian Intan on elephants, Wan Husein accompanying us. We travelled along an earth road for 14 miles. At 11.30 we crossed the Samagaga Pass (watershed) into what is now Perak territory. We crossed and recrossed the Sungei Kwa and entered the Kroh plateau. This was the place chosen in anticipation in 1883 by Sir Hugh Low for an Upper Perak Station. It is about 1,500 feet above the sea—is cool, and there are few mosquitoes. It has been extensively occupied in the past and carries a not inconsiderable population now; there is plenty of good water.

My own opinion is that the lowest pass from the Kroh plateau to the mines, and also the lowest pass from the Kroh plateau into Kedah, will be found to be at Padang Niring Todok. We then went on to Padang Berkwai, a mile or so further, and camped there. Dato' Mat Saleh, the Kemenan of Kroh, received us and had a long chat.

On my second visit I appointed him to be our Penghulu. Under him are the villages of Becha Deradap, Padang Berkwai, Kwa (three), Kroh and Klian Intan.

Under the Kemenan are "Neban" (local headmen), who are only appointed if there are ten families in a village. They have no very definite rights or duties, but are occasionally useful to the Penghulu or Government Officer when labour has to be procured for some special purpose. They have hitherto been responsible for the carrying out of "forced labour."

At 8 a.m. on the 12th June we moved on, and at 12.40 reached the mines—very bad broken hilly country. Mr. Kemp, of the Reman (or Rahman) Tin Mining Co., met us and put us all up. Mr. Kemp's mine is a revelation, and it is almost incredible that he has been able to convey so much machinery and set up so magnificent a mill in such an inaccessible place. There are 25 head of stamps on a hill, next door to Mr. Kemp's house. Water is brought by gravitation from the Kajang river from a hill behind. Firewood is brought from the valley below on an endless chain, railway trucks, full of water, pulling up the trucks of wood. The mine itself is a hill, 2,300 feet high, in front of the mill, but $\frac{3}{4}$ mile away. An overhead wire rope—3,800 feet long—carries 11 cages at one and the same time, brings the stone from the hill top to the mill, and takes empty cages back to be filled. The mine is technically known as a Stockwerk, and it is estimated that it will produce 10,000 pikuls of tin in the next twelve months. The property is 220 acres in extent.

The Rahman Hydraulic Mine—Mr. Pearse, Manager—has about 600 acres of land all round Mr. Kemp's hill top. The water for this proposition is brought in an open ditch for

eight miles, but is hardly sufficient in quantity. There is a considerable area of land to be worked, and the output for the next twelve months is estimated at 4,000 pikuls. Tin and tin ore is exported via Becha Deradap to Baling in Kedah, where it is taken in boats down the Ketil and Muda rivers to Kuala Muda, and thence to Penang.

The village of Klian Intan is in a basin surrounded by hills. One of these was occupied by the Siamese Police Station, where there are an Inspector of Police and 20 Siamese Police.

The village has since my first visit been burned down for the third time. It was one of the filthiest I have ever seen, and is extraordinarily unhealthy. It is filled with Chinese, the riff-raff of Perak, and a taking of finger-prints would probably prove 50 per cent. of its native inhabitants to be criminals. I was told that it contained 140 shops.

On Sunday morning, the 13th June, we walked down, accompanied by Mr. Pearse, about two miles to his dam. On our return we walked up the hill where Mr. Kemp is working, and on which one of his mine Managers lives. It was a steep climb of over 1,100 feet, but we were rewarded on arrival at the top by a glorious view.

In the long distance westward was Kedah peak: below to the north lay the far-stretching Patani valleys: to the south were visible the Perak river and the towering mass of Kendrong (4,000 feet); while in the east one could see the Legoh and Kelantan hills. A view of practically the whole breadth of the Peninsula from the Gulf of Siam to the Straits of Malacca is commanded from this hill. It was a magnificent panorama on a beautiful clear morning.

A delightfully cold bath and a capital midday meal were very acceptable after the hot walk to the dam, and after the steep climb in a burning sun.

In the evening I went with Wan Husein to inspect the Police Station in which he puts up when business takes him to the mines.

Early on the 14th June we started for Becha Deradap — six miles. Anderson and I, walking on ahead, did the distance

in exactly two hours, and on my second visit Jelf and I did it in the same time. The road is quite impossible in gradient, and rain makes the clay soil very slippery. It is pleasant to descend into the beautiful open plateau of Kroh.

At Becha Deradap, corrupted by the mines' people into Cheradap, Mr. Kemp and Mr. Pearse each have a store, and the Siamese have an Inspector of Mines, a Customs House, and a Hospital which has never been used. It was erected by the munificence of certain persons as a memorial of the Siamese Administration, and it is an excellent building of squared timber with a shingle roof.

There are a few shops and a considerable peasant population planting padi. The road from Betong through the Kroh plateau ends here. Near by is the charming natural lake at Tasik, a curious phenomenon of which is that it is periodically half emptied by what appears to be a natural siphon in the shape of a deep hole some distance from the main lake, the water re-appearing about two miles away.

This lake occupies about 25 acres of ground when fairly full. It is one of the very few natural lakes in Malaya. It is most picturesque, and at one end of it is a very ancient and quaint Buddhist temple, which ought to be repaired in old style and preserved. We camped by the lake that night.

On Tuesday, the 15th June, we broke camp at 8.30 and Anderson and I walked on ahead, $5\frac{1}{2}$ miles in $1\frac{3}{4}$ hours, into Baling, a Kedah Station, where Che Mat Deli, the Malay Magistrate, entertained us. Baling is one of the most beautifully-situated places I have ever seen. It is on the banks of a big river (the Ketil), and just across the river, rising perpendicularly, is an immense limestone rock as like as possible to Gunong Pondok at Padang Rengas, only more covered by vegetation. Mr. Kemp and Mr. Pearse each have a comfortable house at Baling on the river bank, and all their tin is shipped there in boats for Penang. The little town was decorated in our honour with flags and Che Mat Deli turned out a guard and the whole population. A fine new Police Station and Barracks have been built by the Kedah

Government. Che Mat Deli gave us dinner, and after dinner we witnessed a capital *Ma'jong* (theatrical performance).

Che Mat Deli provided me with a comfortable Government boat and gave me a Kedah Sergeant and constable as escort. We left at 7.45 a.m. on the 16th June down river, Wan Husein still with us. We reached Kuala Kupang at 10.15 a.m. There is a village here, and one of the Kedah Rajas is in charge (Tungku Eda), but he had gone to Kedah on account of the death of his father, the famous Tungku dia Udin. Che Mat Deli left us to return to Baling, and we went on downstream. We tied up for the night at a place called Padang Pulai. All this part of Kedah, as far as the eye can see and right down to Kuala Muda, consists of flat plains, and they would carry an immense population if irrigated.

We continued our journey at 5.35 a.m. on the 17th June. At 7.15 we reached Kuala Ketil and entered the Muda river, a magnificent sheet of water navigable up to this point by launches of 40 tons. I landed and visited the Police Station, where the Kedah Government keeps a Sergeant and six men, because the people were a thieving lot and used to rob stores while being taken out of big boats, which bring them up the Muda river, to be loaded into smaller boats, which take them up the Ketil river to Baling. From Baling goods are humped by coolies, $11\frac{1}{2}$ miles to the mines, a climb of 850 feet. Owing to this expensive transport, every pikul of stuff used at the mines costs \$8 more than its market price in Penang.

The Ketil river is one of the most winding I have come across, the turns and bends often come right back on each other. It is swift running and is full of snags. It takes six nights to go up from Kuala Ketil to Baling, and when the river is high it may take ten or eleven nights.

A perfectly flat road can undoubtedly be made on the proper left bank of the Muda river, to cross the Hetil river about a mile below Kuala Kupang to a point about $1\frac{1}{2}$ or 2 miles above Baling. It would then climb over one pass into Padang Niring Todok and over another pass behind that place into Sungei Buloh (the site of Mr. Pearse's dam), and thence into

Klian Intan. The distance, I reckon, would be about 28 miles. There may, of course, be a better route from Baling to the mines. At 9 a.m. on the 17th June we left Kuala Ketil and went on down the Muda. The river is clean until you get to the Kuala Seding and Kuala Karangan. We got to these rivers at 11.20 a.m. They are within 50 yards of each other; the former, the bigger on the two, comes down quite clean, and the latter is very badly fouled, presumably from the Kulim mines.

At 12.15 we stopped for lunch at a settlement called Alor Madu. It is a very old Siamese Settlement, and there were several priests there. They have quite a nice Waht or temple, and were very civil to us. At 3.20 p.m. we passed the pillar, which marks the boundary between Province Wellesley and Kedah, on the left bank of the Muda. We stopped for tea and a nice bath in the river below the Province Police Station of Pinang Tunggal and soon afterwards came in sight of Penang. The afternoon was so beautiful that it beggars my powers of description. Kedah peak and the small hills were bathed in the light of a lovely sunset and it did not get really dark till past 7 p.m. We reached Kuala Muda at 8 and were housed in a capacious and well-built Rest-house, where we were the guests at dinner of Inche Mat, the District Officer.

On the early morning of the 18th I went round the town of Kuala Muda with Inche Mat and the Malay Inspector of Police. A guard of honour was turned out and I visited every public office, the hospital and Inche Mat's house. The Kedah Administration has established itself on good lines at Kuala Muda. The country beyond the town is in need of roads.

Inche Mat took us across the river at 8.30 a.m. and saw us into my motor car in Province Wellesley, whence, after thanking and saying good-bye to him, we motored to Taiping—71 miles.

The whole distance travelled was about 300 miles. We had rain the first night at Jong, rain in the night, one night at Klian Intan, and a sharp Sumatra in the afternoon at Baling. The rest of the fortnight was fine, and for the most part the weather was cool.